THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me
"Wife is agoin' to die," said he.

"Doctors great an' doctors small,
Haven't improved her any at all.

"Physic and blister, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!

"Twenty women, with remedies new,
Bother my wife the whole day through.

"Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all.

"Sour or sweet, whatever they choose;
Poor old woman, she darsn't refuse.

"So she pleases whoe'er may call,
An' Death is suited the best of all.

"Physic and blister, powder an' pill—
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill?"

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head

Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.

Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up.

Physics of high and low degree;
Calomel, ratnip, boneset tea;

Every thing a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.

I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Bottle and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, sirups and squills;

Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.

"What are you doing?" my patient cried;
"Frightening Death," I coolly replied.

"You are crazy!" a visitor said;
I flung a bottle at his head.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me;
"Wife is a-gettin' her health," said he.

I really think she will worry through;
She scolds me just as she used to do.

"All the people have pooh'ed an' slurred—
All the neighbors have had their word;

"'Twere better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

"Your wife," said I "had God's good care,
And His remedies, light and water and air.

"All of the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Ocalds'; have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

The deacon smiled and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.

"God's be the glory, as you say!
God bless you, doctor! good-day! good-day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicine made by men.

THE STORY OF AN OAK,

That Was Old When Washington Was a Home of the Red Man.

It was the chief of the Anacostas, Monnacasset, who had perched his tent upon that height beneath this oak. It was then, as it is to-day, the site which commands the entire amphitheater of vale and river, wood and hill. From it he could look down on the basin of forest in which his tribe dwelt. Here its councils were held. Here many a stricken white captive offered his last prayer to God. One day Monnacasset and a few of his braves surprised a small party of emigrants down below yonder, on the banks of the Potomac. Among the number were a Mr. Noyes, his wife, and two young children, one an infant. Mrs. Noyes, though worn by travel and now smitten by sorrow, was young and beautiful. Her pitiful entreaties for her husband and children attracted the attention of the chief, and he at once announced his intention of sparing her life and making her his squaw. At this announcement Mrs. Noyes fainted, and in an unconscious state was conveyed with the other prisoners to the chief's wigwam, under this oak. When she returned to conscious life she found herself with her child alone in his hut. She arose to leave it, but was met at the door by Monnacasset, who forbade her stepping beyond its door. She called for her husband and elder child. The chief told her that her husband and child, with the other prisoners he had taken, had the night before entered the kingdom of the Great Spirit, and that he and his tribe had celebrated their entrance therein by a scalp dance. Before the chief finished his story Mrs. Noyes again lay senseless at his feet. The chief laid her gently upon a fur pallet in the hut, and sent medicine women to revive her. When she returned once more to consciousness Monnacasset told her that if she would consent to be his squaw she should be forever free to roam about with the other women of the tribe. She told him she would rather die than to suffer such ignominy.

Strange to say the chief did not conclude to take her life. He said: "You do not choose to be my squaw; then I choose to keep you a prisoner. You shall not, under pain of death, wander beyond the shade of this oak, which overspreads this hut." Two Indian women were appointed to provide her food and clothing and to be her constant guards. It could have been no ordinary feeling that she awakened in the heart of her captor, else he would have put her to death before he would have seen her daily before his eyes, year on year, his captive, yet ever beyond his reach. For eleven years she walked beneath the shadow of this oak, yet never went beyond it.

Her baby meanwhile had grown to be a beautiful girl whom her mother called Gwawa, or Hope. Little Gwawa had but one playmate, a little boy with eyes as blue as the sky, whom the Indians called Tschagarag (Skyiness). This child had been captured two years after Mrs. Noyes, but had escaped the terrible fate of his comrades because of the particular fancy the Indian children had for him. The Indian children had no fancy for Gwawa. Tschagarag was her only friend. He often went to her mother's hut to play with her and together they received instructions from Mrs. Noyes.

Monnacasset and his tribe were not so successful in their marauding expeditions as formerly, on account of the increase and constant watchfulness of the surrounding settlers. When Mrs. Noyes had been a prisoner a little more than eleven years, Monnacasset was mortally wounded in a skirmish on the mall just above where the executive mansion now stands. He was carried to his wigwam, wounded beyond the power of the medicine women to help him. Mrs. Noyes and little Gwawa ministered to him in his dying moments, for though a savage he had not been to them an altogether ungenerous foe. Upon the turf beneath this oak he died, and here he was buried.

Not long after his death the site of the present City of Washington was bought by George Washington and others, and a treaty was made with the few remaining Anacostas to leave these haunts and to move westward. This treaty was made beneath this oak where Monnacasset died, and whose branches for so many years had measured the length of Mrs. Noyes's captivity. Here, for the first time since her separation from her husband, she was allowed to speak with white men, and through the transactions of the treaty acted as interpreter. Several gentlemen offered her a home. But she would accept but one proposition, that made by a Mr. Cochran, that he should build for her a small house under the branches of her prison oak.

The tribe departed to their westward hunting-ground, carrying with them the young blue-eyed Tschagarag. The little house was builded beneath the oak. A faithful negro, given to Mrs. Noyes by a sympathizing neighbor, became her only reliance for support. He worked and supplied her wants, as so many another negro has done in the eras now forever past. A city began to grow in the broad, green basin spread before her. Commissioners were appointed to select sites for public buildings. This magnificent height was chosen for the furure capitol. But so intense was Mrs. Noyes's attachment to her home and to the green dome above it, she was left undisturbed and the "Hill" where the capitol now stands was chosen for it. At the foot of this hill we see an old cemetery, the oldest one in Washington. It is called "Holmead's burying ground," Here were all the Indian mounds, and here still may be seen the ancient graves of the Anacostas.

The nineteenth century had come with its vast promise for the future. Time had touched her gently, yet Mrs. Noyes began to show that she was passing into the evening shadow. Her auburn hair had turned gray, and her face showed traces of years as well as sorrow. One Sabbath day a well dressed, blue-eyed young man knocked at Mrs. Noyes's door. "Does Mrs. Noyes live here?" he inquired. "Tschagarag! It is you!" exclaimed Gwawa. She knew him, though in the years that had passed since their parting they had changed from children into man and woman. Tschagarag soon told them all the story of his life since he left them. He had gone with the Anacostas as far as the Ohio River. While encamped there, some traders had taken him prisoner and brought him to New York. There he was educated and studied architecture. He had lately received an appointment as assistant architect on one of the public buildings then erecting in Washington City. He said he should build a house in the city for himself, and asked them to share it with him. Mrs. Noyes refused and would scarcely give her consent that he might repair their cottage, so strong was her desire to live till her death in an unchanged home. For one year Tschagarag was a regular Sabbath visitor to the little house under the oak, and at the end of that, away from many wealthy rivals he carried his beloved Gwawa to his own home. Two years after their marriage Mrs. Noyes passed to her heavenly inheritance, going forth to meet the husband and child whose cruel taking off she had never ceased to mourn. I give a copy of the will found beneath her pillow:

I, Magdalena Noyes, bequeath to my daughter Gwawa, and to her husband, Tschagarag, all my property, consisting of 171-2 acres of land, the house I live in being the center thereof; and also the house and all therein contained, furniture and personal effects belonging to me, and if contentment, the germ of happiness, be transferable, may you receive, and, like me, enjoy it through life. I have also three requests which I beg you to fulfill. The first is to retain our colored servant and provide amply for him in his old age. The second, to bury me in the cemetery at the base of the hill on which stands our dwelling. The third is to regard the oak that overspreads our cottage as a sacred relic; cherish it through life as the talisman of a resigned sufferer, and should you be blessed with off-spring instill them with that reverence for the tree as will transmit from generation to generation. These fulfilled, accept my thanks and consider the little I give you, dear children, as the widow's mite to her posterity. Your affectionate mother, MAGDALENA NOYES.

The following spring Tschagarag, known by the name of David Noorse, built a large stone house beside the immemorial oak. And this estate is still known in the deed by the name given it by Mr. Noorse, "The Widow's Mite."

Mrs. Mary Clemmer, in the Advance.

How Did Pharaoh Die?

An English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited a school in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and inquired: "Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman, having ascertained that "speer" meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to "speer" the boys, and at once began: "How did Pharaoh die?" There was a dead silence. In this dilemma the Lowland gentleman interposed: "I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make of them." And he inquired in his broad Scotch, "Hoo did Phawraoh dee?" Again there was a dead silence; upon which the master said, "I think, gentlemen, you can't speer these boys; I'll show you how to do it." And he proceeded: "Fat cam to Phawraoh at his hinder end?" The boys answered promptly, "He was drooned;" and, in addition, a smart little fellow commented, "Ony lassie could hae told you that."

Signs of the Season.

It was an old Lincoln Park watchman who one day this week said he "didn't take any stock in ground-hogs and goose-bones and the moon, or any sich thing, but I has signs as never fails ter tell the changes in the seasons ev'ry time."

"You have?"

"Yessir; for instance, when I sees a young man a-sittting down under a tree writin' poeckry, or suthin', while a young woman goes 'round gatherin' up old leaves, 'there,' sez I ter myself, sez I, 'autumn's here for certain an' sure, an' winter ain't fur off. Then agin, when I sees a young man an' a woman a-standin' together on the bridge, lookin' inter the water, an' a-sighin' like sin, 'then,' think sez I, 'here's spring come agin, and come ter stay.'" And pointing to a tender pair on the nearest rustic bridge, the old prognosticator turned away, significantly observing: "Yer see, stranger, it's spring now, an' summer'll soon be a-trottin' right down on us."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Henry Slade, the Spiritualist, who was imprisoned in London, is performing in Holland, and exciting a great amount of interest among the Dutchmen.

The Effect of the War in this Country.

Though our commercial relations with the two belligerents are comparatively insignificant, the clash of arms in the East can not but have an immediate and considerable bearing upon American commerce. Of late years Russia, and Turkey and her appanages, have furnished England and the Continent—principally England—with an average yearly supply of grain, amounting in the aggregate to about 45,000,000 bushels. This supply will not only be cut off, but the two belligerents, with probably together not less than a million and a half of men in the field to feed, will be constantly in the market as buyers of grain and provisions.

Any grain deficiency in Europe, arising from war or other causes, must be substantially supplied by the United States. Owing to a perfected system of cheap rail and water transportation from the grain-growing districts of the West to the Atlantic sea-board, American grain has of late years steadily crowded Russian cereals from British markets. In the present instance no other grain-growing country can successfully compete with us in supplying an extraordinary demand for breadstuffs for military consumption. This enlarged export of grain and provisions promises more money to our agricultural classes, increased activity to railroad business, and a probably revival to some other branches of industry.

The sending abroad of dressed meat and live stock, which has grown so rapidly during the last eighteen months, will be increased by the Russian-Turkish war. As yet there is no demand for American fresh beef upon the Continent, but it is understood that several speculators are now abroad with the intention of introducing it; and we have heard that the German steamers will soon be fitted up with refrigerators for the export of fresh beef, the same as the English steamers now are. The exportation of beef first commenced in October, 1875, with a shipment of 38,000 pounds from this port, which had increased to 6,262,355 pounds (valued at $517,762) in March last. The consumption of American beef in England has surprised the most sanguine shippers on this side. Within the last 48 hours the largest shipper of fresh beef in this town has received a telegram from a well known and responsible English house, offering to take all his shipments at sixpence per pound (a little over 12 cents) laid down in Liverpool. War and war rumors have increased England's needs in this direction. The exportation of fresh meat from this country is likely soon to become a great feature of our international trade.

But while war will probably increase our sales of food products, it will to very nearly the same extent check the consumption of cotton, petroleum, and other raw materials, for which Europe looks chiefly to us. At the same time the existing prostration of trade abroad must be greatly augmented by the closing of European markets, and large lines of certain descriptions of manufactured goods must be shipped to this country and sold for the most they will bring. American markets will become outlets for whatever is unsalable in the great centers of European trade, and imported goods will fall in value here, a decided gain to the great mass of the people, those who consume tea, coffee and cigars, as well as to the wealthier classes who drink foreign wines, dress in broadcloth and silks, and indulge in expensive European luxuries. Our manufacturers will probably be shorn of a portion of their profits by the great influx of British, French, and German goods forced off at ruinous prices.

Yet, while our trading and commercial interests will be variously, and not always beneficially, affected by war in Europe, our financial condition will be strengthened and improved. Our Government securities will be free from the distrust attaching to the great borrowing nations of Europe, any of which are likely to be drawn into the conflict. It is not, from present appearances, probable that the struggle will long be confined to Russia and Turkey. Prudent European investors will, therefore, naturally single out United States bonds, now prominently and favorably known in all European money markets, as least likely to be effected by the contiagencies of the war, and as presenting every guarantee of safety. In the main, the war will benefit us both commercially and financially, though probably not to any astonishing extent.—*New York Sun.*